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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

ACOUSTIC ARCHITECTURE,

OR, THE CONSTRUCTION OF BUILDINGS WITH REFERENCE TO SOUND AND THE BEST MUSICAL EFFECT.

I.

Architecture, unlike its kindred branches, Painting and Sculpture, has no abstract perfection of its own, but varies in its phases with every age and climate. Says Thomas Hope in his well-known Historical Essay: "It is essentially an art of direct utility." It more than all others adapts itself to the tastes and habits and occupations of the people. Whether viewed in its wild grandeur among the forests of Central America, or in the modern abodes of refinement and luxury, this fitness for a definite object and adaptation of means to the end is apparent. It is an art, too, that keeps pace with the progress of the world and deigns to accept whatever aids Science and Philosophy may offer for its improvement.

We are aware that the terms, acoustic or musical, as applied to Architecture, are neither of them in acknowledged use, but we will venture to adopt the expression here, to suggest our idea of a somewhat closer alliance than is commonly allowed between the two departments of Art. The connection which Music has with Architecture is analogous to that between the mind and the body. As the former requires for its due exercise the perfection of the latter, so music, when confined within the walls of a building, is depen-

dent, for its full power and expression, upon a certain fitness and adaptation of form and construction. This fitness results, in part, from the associations naturally connected with some styles of architecture. Thus the forms of the ancient cathedrals are most befitting the majestic movements of the oratorio and the solemn mass. We there experience the most sublime effects of music, although this is a result to which the primary design of the architecture did not look. But we also find the deductions from modern science to correspond, in great measure, with these accidental relations; for the forms and proportions of the cathedral partake of those we should now suggest in structures designed for musical effect. May we not look, then, at no distant day, for a distinctive architecture, appropriated to the service of music, which shall be founded upon immutable laws, and show more clearly the existence of that bond which binds so mysteriously each department with the other in the great sphere of Art?

The subject, in this view, has not yet received from the Profession that attention its interest and importance demand. Throughout the Continent of Europe, and especially in those portions of it we have been accustomed to regard as the home of the arts, this assertion will be found to hold true. While religion, as it should, has received most homage, and the receptacles for paintings and statuary (in latter years more particularly) are arranged with strict regard to their full and proper effect, music has rarely found a fitting abode. If we turn to our own country, this truth is still more apparent. Here, until within the present season, no building of this nature has been erected which has any claim to the observance of correct principles in its construction. England has, it is true, furnished some noble exceptions in this particular. The Birmingham Town Hall and the Philharmonic Hall at Liverpool are still, without doubt, the finest structures of the kind in existence, and come very near the realization of perfect success. Our Boston Music Hall is now, also, nearly brought to completion, and will, when finished, confer honor alike upon its accomplished architect, and upon the city. It is an enterprise in which we have long felt a deep interest and whose progress we have watched with solicitude, from the period of its first germ to that of its full growth and maturity. The result of a few experimental trials realizes all, and more, than could be expected, and, it is believed, justifies,

in this Hall, a claim to excellence inferior to none in the world.

It is not our design in the present discussion to encroach at all upon the province of the professional architect, nor to attempt to put forth a theory which shall stand unscathed, in every point, the ordeal of a practical test. We are aware the subject is one beset with peculiar difficulties. Our knowledge of sound and of the laws of acoustics must still be reckoned as very imperfect. Many collateral circumstances, too, come in to complicate and disturb the best contrived theories of acoustic effect.

Within a few years past, several committees have been appointed by the English Parliament to consider, practically and scientifically, the whole matter, who have summoned before them the most eminent architects of the day, and after profiting by the learning and experience of all, have found their conclusions sadly at variance with each other. They found, too, that facts did not confirm the most plausible doctrines, and were almost led to question the truth of the fixed and immutable laws of science. Where the best authorities thus differ, and science and learning have failed to arrive at satisfactory results, it would be presumption in us to expect to point out a plan to overcome all previous defects, or to hope to arrive, at once, to the point of perfection. This, if done at all, can only be acquired after much severe and patient investigation, aided by a series of costly experiments. All we can hope to do here, is to consider candidly what has already been said and written on this subject, and by careful comparison of facts, and the use of whatever further aids philosophy and research may have afforded us, endeavor to reconcile contradictory opinions, and, possibly, suggest a few additional influences which may prove of practical utility.

We shall commence with a consideration of some of the facts and phenomena connected with the modern approved doctrine of sound, which have a practical bearing upon our subject.

Says Mr Herschell, sounds of all kinds agree in these particulars:

1. The excitement of a motion in the sounding body.
2. The communication of this motion to the air or other intermedium which is interposed between the sounding body and our ears.
3. The propagation of such motion from particle to particle of such intermedium in due succession.
4. Its communication from the particles of the intermedium adjacent to the ear itself.

5. Its conveyance in the ear by a certain mechanism to the auditory nerves.

6. The excitement of sensation.

Mr. Herschell's idea (as set forth in his celebrated treatise in the *Encyclopedia Metropolitana*.) plainly is that sound, when once produced, is governed by laws almost wholly analogous to those of light, and on this theory alone can its various phenomena be satisfactorily explained and made of practical value.

The propagation of the original impulse in air and other elastic fluid media, is best illustrated by the motion of waves upon the surface of a placid lake. If we drop a stone into a pool of water, a series of elevations and depressions chase each other rapidly along the surface, extending, with equal velocity in every direction, till they gradually subside and mingle in the general level.

The movement, in the water, thus produced, is apparent only. It is the impulse, communicated from particle to particle in the water, of which the wave consists, not the motion of the water itself. Precisely analogous to this is the communication of sound in air, except, in this latter case, the impression being produced in, rather than upon, the surface of an elastic medium, it spreads equally everywhere, and would form, instead of concentric circles, concentric spherical laminæ.

The velocity of sound, as also its intensity, varies according to the nature and condition of the medium through which it is transmitted. In a dry atmosphere and at the freezing temperature, sound travels at the rate of three hundred and sixty-three yards, or one thousand and ninety feet in a second. For every additional degree of Fahrenheit this velocity is increased about one thousandth part.

In the different gasses this result is found to vary very considerably, the velocity in hydrogen being nearly three times greater, and in carbonic and sulphuric acid gasses much less than in common air. Through liquids the velocity is greatly increased, moving in water, at the temperature of 46° 6' Fahrenheit, at the rate of four thousand seven hundred and eight feet per second.

The propagation or conduction of sound through solid bodies, presents many interesting points of consideration. Solids are good conductors in proportion to their hardness and elasticity, and uniformity of structure; and the better the conducting power of the material the more perfect will be its *resonance*, by which is here understood the power of aiding or increasing the intensity of the original sound. A series of experiments on the conveyance of sound along the cast iron pipes of Paris, instituted by MM. Biot, Bouvard, Malus and Martin, determined its velocity, in that metal, to be about 11090 feet in a second, or ten and a half times greater than in air.

According to Chladni, the relative velocities of sound in different solids are as in the following table:

	Velocity, in feet, per second.
Tin,	7,800
Silver,	9,300
Brass,	11,800
Baked Clay,	10,000 to 12,000
Copper,	12,500
Glass,	17,500
Iron,	17,500
Woods of various kinds,	11,000 to 18,000

Of the woods, fir appears to be among the best conductors, sound being conveyed through it at the rate of 17,300 feet per second.

We shall see more clearly the practical value of

a knowledge of this branch of acoustics, when we come to consider the nature and make of the walls, in a building properly constructed for musical effect, a subject which is reserved for a future chapter.

A Word from "C." of the "Atlas."

MY DEAR MR. DWIGHT:—As you have published my "complaint" and "The Diarist's" "apology," perhaps you will give place to a rejoinder, with the certainty that it will end the matter so far as it lies with Your friend, C.

"FROM MY DIARY."

The New York gentleman has replied to our remarks upon his potent extracts. We say *our*, because it is more agreeable than the first person singular, and because we feel that we are speaking the sentiments of many besides ourselves. "The Diarist" has put forth an "apology," which we may style, controversially, Pecksniffian. It breathes the same genial, kind-hearted, expansive spirit which characterizes the aforesaid extracts. We have no question that, when he rounded off that facetious and *very* argumentative production, he smiled benignantly as he thought how very finely he had pulverized the individual who had presumed to question the orthodoxy of the extracts as aforesaid. It was so cutting, so sarcastic, so witty! To be sure, it might be somewhat overdone!—he might have lost sight of the real question, to display how cunningly he could right himself with ridicule! Still, 'twas a pretty smart thing. Now there are some things which, when thoroughly pulverized, can be made, by certain means, to reconsolidate into tough and sturdy matter. Perhaps we may be able to re-unite our annihilated form. We have heard that the best policy is to attack one's enemy with his own weapons; and therefore we will assault our foe (in the Pickwickian sense) with our own experience in musical education.

We began our "pursuit" with the same limited means which lay at his command. We went to the concerts of the Boston Academy of Music; we attended the operatic performances of the Woods and the Seguin; we were fortunate enough to have musical friends who sang and played the piano; and the new publications of the day we passed in review at our little coterie. The worthy and accomplished editor of the *Journal of Music* was one of the leading spirits in our musical circle. We heard all that was to be heard, and saw what was to be seen in those days. In fact, we imagine that our initiation in music was very much the same as that of the greater portion of Bostonians who have lived at home all their lives. Then came the Havana Opera Troupe, giving us the first real idea of what an Italian Opera was; and since that time, we have heard vocalists, violinists, orchestras, companies, all admirable, in every school and style of music. We have not made the "grand tour"; we have not heard seven cent music in German Beer shops; nor can we speak knowingly of the "Koenigstaedisches"; we are sorry, but we can't.

Now with all the rest that we heard, was much Italian music. It was sung and played and loved by all. Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini were three household names. Their beautiful melodies became familiar as the ballads of our childish days. They have been sung in every tongue of the civilized world and played upon every instrument

which has the scope of an octave. All nations have enjoyed the beauty which the Italian composers have sent forth. Not those three only, but older writers, whose creations their vigor and pathos and brilliancy have surpassed. We have heard German music also, and loved much. We have heard with great pleasure the prayer from *Der Freyschütz*—(without "crying like a baby," we are forced to acknowledge;) we have listened with delight to Beethoven's C minor Symphony; the blood has thrilled through our veins at the "March" in Sampson; we have been charmed with the *chef d'œuvres* of Beethoven, Mozart and Handel; but we found that much as we loved these, we could also listen with delight to those Italian composers we spoke of. We found that vocal music gratified us as much, if not more, than instrumental; and that the Italian composers, with their national fondness for melody and their characteristic warmth and ardor of expression, produced an effect upon us more lively, more direct than the German. We looked around the world and found that *everywhere* these composers were loved. That in fact they were cosmopolitan in their influences. And we were *told* that in Germany, at the grand concerts, in the grand theatres, Italian music was as much played, as much loved, and as as worthily thought of as the German music itself. We were told this by musical Germans. We felt that we were neither singular in our preference, nor low in our tastes; for musicians, educated men of all countries, high and low, rich and poor, admired Italian music in every land, interpreted in every language. By and by there springs up in our Northern States a class of individuals who claim for the German music—not a great excellence, a mighty excellence alone, but a superiority over everything else. A German song, a German sonata, a German opera—anything German—must of course be good; and to question the agreeableness of anything German was downright heresy—nay, worse, folly! At least such was the spirit of their sayings and doings. They were not contented with the admiration which was given to those great compositions which all, even the heretics, admired; but claimed total and entire devotion to the "German school" as the title of admission into the sanctuary. Others might like *Der Freyschütz* as much as they chose; but if they could not also run mad over *Don Giovanni*, they were the veriest nobodies. Others might revere Beethoven, but if they could not revel in Spohr, they were cast out. They out-Germaned the Germans themselves, and there was an "I am holier than thou" sentiment in their writings particularly disagreeable.

And then appeared a "Diarist," who sent his lucubrations to a weekly journal. He belonged to this school, and could not abide anything that smacked of the Italian—judging from his diary. He was not willing to allow others to enjoy what they fancied, but brought to bear upon them that effective weapon, ridicule. Uncalled upon and unprovoked, he took the programmes of the best orchestra in the country and jeered at them, because they contained music he did not fancy. Indeed, nine tenths of all he said was a fault-finding with what he did not like. He mentions a concert of Alboni, only to make a wretched pun on an Italian violinist. He refers to the wonderful little Camille Urso, only to speak of a ridiculous incident in the concert. He attends a

concert where Sontag sings; and, scarcely mentioning her, gives a paragraph to fault finding with the overture to "Martha." In fact, the Diary was only a series of sneering, supercilious animadversions. Now when we heard music we loved styled "fashionable"; when we took up our weekly paper to read a constant tirade against what thousands besides ourselves consider beautiful, we said that it was not true, it was not orthodox, it was not kind. We heard many others express the same dissatisfaction — not to say disgust — at what they considered the ebullitions of a narrow-minded predilection; and we were impelled to say a word in defence of our assaulted opinions. We repeat what we have before written. We do not complain of the "Diarist" for preferring any one school of music. He has a perfect right, as we have, to enjoy his own fancies. But we do complain, with many others, of his unnecessarily attempting to ridicule what he cannot feel. He does not find his preferences scorned, jeered at, despised! — and we cannot understand how a man, who has the extreme sensitiveness to weep in public at a piece of music he has heard hundreds of times before, can thus deal in a wholesale ridicule of what others equally admire, and at which they are similarly moved.

As regards the "Jarley's Wax Work" and "Negro Melodies," if he is willing to associate an admiration for *Norma*, *Lucia*, *Cenerentola*, *Lucrezia*, with them, he is entirely welcome; but we conceive that even in just the argument will scarcely hold. "The Diarist" may think that the supremacy of his favorite music is so great as to render any other school beneath comparison. He is welcome to his opinions. But we have not been willing to hear our own favorites decried without saying one word in their defence. C.

The Career of Paul Jullien.

PAUL JULLIEN was born in France, at the town of Crest, in the department of La Drome, in the year 1841. His grandfather was a poor shepherd residing near the little village of Lamothe, but having a talent for mechanical invention, he removed to the manufacturing town of Vienne, where he became first a workman in a cloth factory, and, afterwards, the master of a small establishment of his own. The father of Paul was bred to the same business, and followed it for several years in the capacity of journeyman. Prevented from enjoying educational advantages, by the narrow circumstances of his father, he was accustomed to say, that if it should please Providence to bestow a child upon him, and that child should possess a spark of genius, "he would make a man of him." In due time Providence did so please — the child manifested superior talent, and the father has striven to keep his word.

At the age of five years, the boy began to display the usual signs of a quick ear for music. The father, who was a tolerable player upon the clarinet and violin, belonged to an amateur band, and frequently took his little son with him to rehearsal. There the boy was observed to beat time, and to show a remarkable understanding and enjoyment of the music. He sang ballads in a pleasing manner, and in a very short time acquired much skill in playing upon a little hunting horn, which his father had given him as a toy. He took delight in collecting the children of the neighborhood, and making them march to lively airs which he, at the head of the troop, played upon his horn. His father laid these things to heart, and conceived the idea of giving the boy regular lessons upon the violin, the clarinet being, as yet, beyond the little fellow's strength. But how to procure an instrument suited to the short arm and tiny fingers of the child? There

was none such in the town, nor could M. Jullien's purse have afforded the money to buy it, if there had been. In this exigency, the father had recourse to an old fiddler of the neighborhood, of whom he borrowed an instrument of the usual size, which, by ingenious alterations, he managed so to reduce that his son could use it. This difficulty overcome, the lessons were begun, and all the leisure moments of day and evening were zealously spent upon them. The child was all eagerness to learn, the father as eager to teach, and the boy's progress was, consequently, rapid beyond belief. The incessant practising, however, was by no means agreeable to the neighbors; and little Paul was once excessively frightened when one of them threatened to break his violin over his head — not that he feared for his head, but for his instrument, which seemed literally to be dearer to him than life. At length, the owner of the violin came to claim his property. When he saw the liberties which the enthusiastic father had taken with it, he was disposed to be very indignant; but M. Jullien, with genuine French adroitness, summoned the boy, and told him to play Weber's beautiful "Dream," which he executed with such unexpected and extraordinary expression, precision and spirit, that the old man's anger was changed at once into affectionate admiration. At this time Paul was in his sixth year.

M. Jullien now became anxious to procure for his son better instruction than he could impart himself. For this purpose, against the vehement remonstrances of his friends, he took the boy to Marseilles, confident that he should find some professor willing to assist, without charge, the development of so promising a genius. Disappointment followed his repeated applications, he was unable to procure employment, and he soon found himself, in that populous city, without friends, and without a sou in his purse. Agonized to see his little son shivering with cold and pinched with hunger, he went, as a last resort, to the proprietor of a large café near by, and obtained permission to bring the boy in the evening to play to the company. The anxious father ran back to his lodgings, and spent the rest of the day in hearing Paul rehearse, over and over again, the pieces he was to perform at the café. In the evening they found a large company assembled, and among the rest several musicians of eminence. The young artist took his position, and began to play. Every eye was fixed upon his pale, engaging countenance, and every ear was soon astonished and charmed at the power, correctness and sweetness of his playing. At the conclusion of the piece he was overwhelmed with applause. The musicians gathered round, and congratulated both father and son with the enthusiasm which is so natural to Frenchmen and artists. Late in the evening the father and son returned to their humble residence with their pockets and their hearts overflowing.

Paul now found instructors, and occasional opportunities for the display of his talents in public. He played at grand concerts in many of the large towns in the south of France, and always with marked success. But his father, determined to give him every possible advantage for improvement, was not satisfied till he had procured him admission to the *Conservatoire National* at Paris. He remained a member of that unequalled establishment for some years, during which the father maintained an arduous struggle with circumstances in procuring the means of subsistence; until, in July, 1850, the boy gained the first prize against seventeen competitors. He had then attained the age of nine years and a half, and the instrument upon which he had played at the final examination was one of the commonest quality, having cost but twelve francs. Paul now appeared frequently at concerts in Paris and London, where his playing excited unbounded astonishment and applause. "We were sitting," wrote a noted musical critic of Paris, "beside some artists who play the same instrument, and who play it with distinction. In their astonishment, in their stupor, in their gestures, in their every attitude, we read but this one sentence: 'There remains for us only to break our violins.'"

The career of Paul Jullien in this country is sufficiently well known. Those who have heard him perform at the concerts of Madame Sontag will agree with us that he is the most remarkable of the juvenile wonders that has visited our shores. His playing is not merely wonderful as a display of juvenile talent, but possesses, as the *Tribune* well observed, an *intrinsic merit*. If a man were to play as he does, it would make his reputation as an accomplished violinist. Paul Jullien's devotion to his art and his instrument is as ardent to-day as it was when he received his early lessons in his father's cottage at Crest. He practices daily from four to seven hours, and his improvement, from month to month, is distinctly observable. His engagement with Madame Sontag, we believe, terminates in a few weeks, when perhaps the public will have an opportunity of hearing him again. — *Home Journal*.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE MUSICAL SCALE.

V.

TRANSPOSITION.

Every transposition of the scale to the fifth higher, as from C to G—to the fourth higher, as from C to F—to the relative minor, as from C to A minor, calls for two sounds which are not found in the scale of C. All diatonic major scales are alike in respect to their several steps. They differ only in regard to pitch.

Let us adopt the nomenclature of Mr. H. W. Poole and call the several sounds of the natural scale, respectively—

C² D² E² F² G² A² B² C²
9 com. 8 com. 5 com. 9 com. 8 com. 9 com. 5 com.

Observe the dimensions in commas of the several steps.

Construct a scale upon G². If we employ the same A which belongs in the natural scale, it is obvious that the very first step will be wrong by being a comma too small, and the second step will be too large by the same interval. Hence it is necessary to have a different A, namely, one higher by a comma. This A, Mr. Poole would distinguish by the index 3, thus, A³. The F of the old scale will not do either, but we need one four commas higher, commonly called F sharp and distinguished by the index 2, thus, F². These two new sounds make the G scale precisely like the natural scale with the exception of the pitch. The next scale in order of fifths is D². In this we must have an E higher by the comma, called E³, also C². Going on by fifths to E³ (four sharps) we need a new F sharp higher than the first by the comma and distinguished as F², and it seems that there is no sound common to the scales of C² and E³, the latter consisting of E³, F², G², A³, B³, C², D², E³.

Transposing to the fourth, as C to F, it becomes necessary to have a new D, lower by the comma, than in the natural scale, which we call D¹. We must also have a new B, four commas lower, called B². In the scale founded upon B², a new G is called for, one comma lower and designated by the index 1. Also an E². In the scale of A² it occurs that all the sounds of the natural scale have disappeared, there being besides those distinguished by the flats C¹, G¹, F¹; all three lower by the comma.

Transposing or modulating to the relative minor, viz; from C² to A² minor, a new D is demanded, called D¹; also a G¹ which is three commas above G² and one comma lower than that G² which we meet with in the major of A², (three sharps.)

Assuming what has been stated in a former article, that a diatonic scale, whether major or minor, is an arrangement into a progressive series of the natural harmonics of three simply related roots, it will be easy to show by mathematical calculations, that all scales of the same class are alike in their several steps, and that each new one embraces two sounds not found in its predecessor. We may then easily determine the number of sounds requisite to the construction of the scales usually employed. Thirteen keys, including on the one hand, 6 sharps, and on the other, 6 flats, will require for their accurate intonation 31 sounds. The thirteen minors of the same signature make a demand for twenty-six more. The perfect dominant seventh, in constant use as it is, without which the chord of the ninth and seventh is a very offensive dissonance, makes a call for at least one to each signature—thirteen. So that for music in thirteen keys major and as many minor, with perfect dominant sevenths, there are demanded no less than seventy sounds within the limits of one octave. The human voice is capable of producing and does actually produce all of these sounds. Some of the instruments, as the Viol family, the Trombone &c., may give them also. The Organ and Piano-forte provide for only twelve sounds and, strangely enough, do not give but one sound correctly; each pipe and each string standing for three or four different uses, correctly fulfilling no one of them. The process of tuning a keyed instrument so as to make twelve pipes or strings serve seventy different purposes, is called

TEMPERAMENT.

There are but two kinds, the equal and the mean-tone Temperaments. To be sure, there are modifications of these two introduced by the fancy, the taste or the whims of tuners and players.

1. The equal proposes to make twelve intervals exactly alike within the octave, and is at present generally recommended for the Piano, and by some for the Organ.

2. The mean-tone makes eight keys or scales better than the equal, but sacrifices the rest entirely. This has been until of late years generally approved for the Organ.

If we begin at middle C, and tune up a perfect fifth, and then an octave down, a fifth up &c., in the ordinary manner, keeping between F#, fourth line in the bass, and concert C, making our fifths exactly perfect, it will result that concert C will overreach a true octave to middle C, the point of departure, by a considerable interval. This interval is called the Pythagorean comma, and is a trifle larger than the comma of which I have before spoken. Every chord will be grossly out of tune, and quite intolerable to the ear. But where is the wrong step? Certainly a fifth has as good a claim to be correctly tuned as any other chord. It is called eminently one of the *perfect concords*. Why should it not then be such in fact? "Why, the thirds are shockingly bad." So they are. But that is no reason why the fifths should be made bad instead. The difficulty lies in this: that our instrument, organ or piano-forte, does not furnish us with fifths and thirds both. We can only have one sort perfect with twelve pipes or strings. Hence if necessity compels us to get along with such limited means, we must contrive some way to average and divide the jargon between the two chords, so that each, though bad enough, will by habit come to be endurable.

The equal temperament is effected by making each fifth $\frac{1}{2}$ of a comma too small. The influence of this departure from correct tune upon the other intervals is this, that

The fourth is . . .	1-12 of a comma too large
major third is . . .	2-3 " too large
minor third is . . .	3-4 " too small
large tone is . . .	1-6 " too small
small tone is . . .	5-6 " too large
diatonic semi-tone is . . .	7-12 " too small
chromatic semi-tone is . . .	5-12 " too large
grave chromatic semi-tone 1 5-12	" too large

The mean-tone system of Temperament makes

The fifths . . .	1-4 of a comma too small
fourths . . .	1-4 " too large
major thirds . . .	perfect
minor thirds . . .	1-4 " too small
large tone . . .	1-2 " too small
small tone . . .	1-2 " too large
diatonic semi-tone, . . .	1-4 " too large

But this system, it will be recollected, provides only for eight keys. In B, F#, A# and D# the intervals are a comma worse out of tune than in C, G, &c. These last keys cannot be used at all.

The mean-tone is the more agreeable as far as it allows us to go in modulation, but the equal imposes no restrictions upon the player or composer, all keys being alike offensive.

Some unsophisticated individual might likely enough exclaim here, "Why are we treated to such jargon under the name of music!" The answer is, that it is simply because keyed instruments are as yet rude and imperfect, that they are in fact in the infancy of their construction. It is not, as some have imagined, that Nature is to blame for the rudeness of our music, but that her rich stores of melody and harmony have not yet found an articulate voice in instruments of man's devising. As for the Organ, he is no true prophet, no trust-worthy oracle of Apollo, but a great, big, blustering wind-bag, speaking lies, contradicting and blaspheming, knowing nothing whereof he affirms with such clamorous vehemence. Our household god, the piano forte, is another deceiver, though in truth somewhat more modest, and willing at times to yield a little to the cause of peace and harmony.

The practicability of perfect intonation in musical instruments may be worthy of discussion at another time.

E. H.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Beethoven and Boston.

MR. EDITOR.—The following extract from Beethoven's conversation books, translated from a new edition of Schindler's *Life of Beethoven*, was printed in the *Transcript* some months since, with the request that the circumstance alluded to might be explained; but it elicited no reply. Hoping for better success in gaining the desired information, it is now sent to you by

Yours, &c.,

"1823. From a conversation with his friend Bühler, who was connected with an extensive mercantile house. (Beethoven, some time before this meeting, had received a proposition to write an oratorio for Boston in North America, and indeed at any price.) Bühler asked: The oratorio for Boston? Beethoven answered: I do not write that which I should most gladly, but for the sake of money what I must. This is not saying that I write *only* for money. When this period is past, I hope at last to write what for me and for Art is above all." — FAUST.

It is a musical fact that every orchestra contains at least two musicians with moustaches,

one in spectacles, three with bald heads, and one very modest man in a white cravat, who from force of circumstances, you will observe, plays on a brass instrument.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. V.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12. Finding the upper gallery unbearable for heat last night at Sontag's concert, I went down, and occupied my reserved seat in the parquette. It was fortunate, for I found myself immediately in front of my old acquaintance, Mr. Wyzaker. Mr. W. is a great concert-goer, and I seldom miss seeing him at all the great concerts. The other night he was in the gallery with two young men, to whom he was imparting the benefits of his knowledge and experience throughout the performance—very much to the edification of those near him. I entered last evening just before the concert began, and on the appearance of the conductor, which was greeted with some applause, I heard the remark in a voice of considerable pomp and circumstance behind me, "That is Mr. Eckert!" I knew at once that Mr. Wyzaker was behind, and glancing round saw his pleasant countenance, between those of two ladies—one of whom had a squeaking fan. Mr. Wyzaker's conversation at concerts is what Mr. Weller would call "very interestin' and improv'in'," and I shall record some of it in my Diary.

During the performance of Weber's *Euryanthe* Overture, Mr. W. imparted a vast deal of information upon musical and other topics, particularly in the exquisitely soft passage, with the muted violins; but I was unfortunately too much engaged with the music to catch much of it. I have reason to think however that the piece meets his approbation; which is a matter of congratulation—to Weber.

Badioli is a favorite with me, and it gave me great pleasure to hear Mr. Wyzaker greet him on his appearance to sing the Aria from *Lucia*, with hearty applause. The first notes of his sonorous voice called out audible expressions of satisfaction, after which, particularly in the gentle passages, the lady with the fan fanned with extra vigor.

Now appeared Madame Sontag, whom Mr. Wyzaker pronounced a prodigiously fine woman. Whether he enjoyed the recitative portions—cannot say; but where the Songstress utters the words "leise, leise," just above her breath, with an accompaniment like an æolian harp, so soft and delicate, he was evidently delighted—and the trio at this passage was very fine. Possibly types will express it:

Mad. Sontag. Lei—se, — Lei—se,
Lady with the Fan. Squeak—squeak—squeak—squeak.
Wyzaker. Fine—very good—very well—really clever.

During the Prayer he remarked that *Der Freyschütz* was his first opera, and at that time he had been carried away with it. Towards the close, where the Allegro comes in, Mr. Wyzaker beat time for us—very much to our gratification, it might have been, had he not unfortunately taken his time a shade or two different from that of Herr Eckert. But that was not Wyzaker's fault.

Mr. Wyzaker was hugely pleased with little Julien's playing; thought it very creditable—believed he would grow up a great player—and fully concurred in the oft repeated "beautiful," "sweet little creature," "dear little fellow," of his lady companions.

In the vocal gymnastics of the "Spanish Bolero," sung by Sontag, I was too much occupied with wondering how human thought could play such antics, to attend to Mr. Wyzaker.

Part II. began with Flotow's *Mortha* overture, during the performance of which Mr. Wyzaker informed his neighbors that "Flotow was one of the new composers;" a definite and comprehensive statement of a fact of considerable importance to those fond of collecting items of musical history and biography. In the tamborine and hurdy-gurdy passages, I heard the exclamation "beautiful" several times, and at the end he applauded lustily.

When Sontag next appeared he referred to his programme and announced that she was to sing the *Sly-ran Song*, but unluckily did not explain that term. The echoes, he let us know—somewhat to the disadvantage it is true, of the delicate intonations—were imitations of

Jenny Lind; which is a noteworthy fact, considering that Sontag was not in the prime and glory of her fame, in the very home of this kind of music, until some two or three years after Jenny's birth. The parallel which he drew between the two queens of song I do not record, as other Wyzakers have done it perhaps equally well.

Then came the "*Largo al Factotum*" by Badiali. This made Mr. Wyzaker laugh, and he pronounced it well sung "and a very good thing, too!" He judged it equal to what he had heard in Paris.

"'Twas within a mile of Edinboro' Town" came next, sung by Sontag. Mr. Wyzaker rightly judged that we should be able to appreciate this without assistance, it being in English, and only remarked that he, Wyzaker, would prefer to hear it from Catherine Hayes. I was somewhat surprised to hear him applaud vehemently at its close, and judge that this was in compliment to the lady with the fan, as that had squeaked gloriously through the whole piece. During the singing of *Wie nahte mir der Schlummer*—the "*leise leise*" piece—it was unanimously agreed by Wyzaker and his companions, that Sontag would sing some better songs than that, and this was apparently one of them.

During the performance of the last two pieces, a Fantasia by Artot, performed by Jullien, and a Duet from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, by Sontag and Badiali, we had also the benefit of Mr. Wyzaker's comments throughout, but I do not recollect them now.

What renders Wyzaker's profound remarks of peculiar value is that they come just in the nick of time. For instance, when Madame Sontag sings,

Yet still she blush'd, and frowning, cry'd, "No, it will not do,
I cannot, wounot, wounot, buckle too."

And at the end of the next stanza,

At Church she no more frowning cry'd, "No, it will not do,
I cannot, wounot, wounot, buckle too."

The first she sings poutingly with a strong voice; the second blushing and in hardly audible tones. Now, here, one who is not initiated might suppose her strength was giving out, and think she was breaking down; but when Wyzaker says "bravo!" and "clever!" two or three times in one's ears, it at once removes all fear; for who should know so well as Wyzaker? The running accompaniment of commentary by my old acquaintance is an excellent thing at a concert, and being made during the performance of the music, when other people, who do not know so much, are still, makes a lasting impression upon the hearers; but where Wyzaker shines, is the opera! There he is in the habit—as all the music is an old story to him since he went to Paris—of taking the text-book (with the English translation) and explaining to his neighbors the meaning of the text which at the moment is singing on the stage, which adds greatly to the charm of the music, besides showing his familiarity with the Italian.

It is to be hoped that this page of the Diary will not get out, for as the relatives of Wyzaker are numerous, some other member of the family than my old friend might possibly take the praise to himself.

Oct. 15. Must jot down a few dates for the benefit of my friend, who seems to suffer from a confusion of ideas in relation to "old" and new, ancient and modern composers; ranking Beethoven with the former and Rossini with the latter.

1813. Rossini composed *Turcotti*, which laid the foundation of his fame. Beethoven gave final touches to *Fidelio*, produced his "Battle of Vittoria" and the Seventh Symphony.

1816. Rossini's *Otello*. 1817, his *Armida*, Beethoven's Eighth Symphony.

1818. Rossini's "Moses in Egypt," and between this time and 1822, "The Barber of Seville," *La Gazza Ladra*, &c.

1821. Weber's *Der Freyschütz*.

1822. Beethoven's gigantic "Second Mass," in which Sontag sang at its first partial performance. Since that date Rossini has written but two great works, "Tell" in 1829, "Stabat Mater" in —

1823. Weber's *Euryanthe*. Beethoven's *Fidelio* came upon the stage again, and was appreciated; since that time it stands with *Don Juan* and the *Zauberflöte* in the universal German estimation. The success was such that he was employed to write another, and chose Grillparzer's text, "Melusina." It was never finished! Wor-

thy of note, that the principal part was to be written for Sontag's voice.

1824. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

1826. Weber's "Oberon,"—and his death.

1827. Beethoven's death. Mendelssohn's "Marriage of Canacho," Bellini's *Il Pirata*, and within three years after, *La Sonnambula*, *Norma*, &c.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 23, 1852.

POSTAGE. By the new law which went into effect on the 30th ult., the postage on the "Journal of Music," as we understand it, is *twenty-six* cents a year to places within the State of Massachusetts, or *thirteen* cents if paid in advance; and double these rates to places without the State. To post-offices within the county (i. e. in Chelsea, North Chelsea, and Winthrop,) there will be, as at present, no charge for postage.

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First Concert of Mme. Alboni.

The assemblage at the Melodeon, on Tuesday evening, was of the most brilliant, most intelligent, most eagerly expectant, and filled every seat. The great Contralto,—physically as well as musically great—was greeted with the warmest welcome. Indeed her whole appearance, so fresh and youthful, so calm and nonchalant,—yet anything but sluggishly, inanely calm,—was decidedly agreeable. The fair complexion, the honest, generous, beaming face, the rich, sparkling, slightly roguish eyes, and the remarkably broad forehead,—all lit with a certain quiet, happy consciousness of power,—made up a general impression of beauty, at least at the distance where we sat.

In the first notes of *Casta Diva*, those low, sustained, prayerful notes, we did not find the counterpart to that image that had been given to us of her voice. Some slight shade of embarrassment, to be sure, could well be imagined at that moment. But the voice grew and grew upon us; and the stream of music became rich and full and glorious. We think we have heard *Casta Diva* better sung, at least to our taste, but this time it was surprisingly, admirably well sung. There was something original in the style of it; in the turning of each melodic period, in the marvellous finish of each well-placed and well-contrived cadenza, there was something that at once and peculiarly stamped ALBONI. There certainly was nothing common-place about it; it had the vitality of an artistic spirit and a certain air of genius, although not precisely in its own most genial sphere. The difference between Alboni and the great singers with whom there is such temptation to compare her, is a difference of *spheres*, and not of more or less of power or mastery within one sphere. With her rare compass of voice, talent and skill of execution she can render to you things from *their spheres* with a rare felicity; yet there is one vein of song in which she is herself and alone. We have supposed, we have always heard that to be, the rich, luxurious Rossini vein. And hence it rather marred the perfectness of a first hearing of Alboni, that she should commence with a piece which, well as she might and did do it, was still exceptional for her, instead of with some piece of that music which has made her fame. A *soprano song* too! for which she has the advantage of large, clear head tones up to C in alt, which

are as native too, as her low tones, but not as distinctively *her's* and as unlike all others. Singularly enough, she sang not a note of Rossini all that evening, so that we were beginning the acquaintance, not with the traditional Alboni, but with Alboni in her newer and as it were more foreign explorations in the airy fields of song. Not that we complain at all of the programme in itself, which was a singularly good one, as it was triumphantly fulfilled; but we should have preferred first to have heard Alboni in the music which was always her's and in which she grew so suddenly world-famous.

Her second piece again was exceptional;—a trial piece of executive skill, a wonderfully clever trick of using the voice like an instrument;—in short a vocal plaything:—Hummel's "Variations," florid, graceful, as Hummel always writes, and exceedingly difficult. It was well enough that the great Contralto should sport with her superabundant power in this wise; it was very well to give us a dazzling sample of her skill, and show us how obedient and subtle an instrument the voice of such an artist has become. All the great singers do so. Lind and Sontag have flung in such glittering fancies incidentally, amid the serious efforts of their art,—"echoes," "variations," &c., and great has been the outcry about tricks, ventriloquism, *ad captandum* charlatry, and all that. It was unfair then, and would be unfair now to repeat the same cry of Alboni. All we intend to say is, that in the "Variations," the real Alboni is still kept in reserve; this is not she, but only shows what she can do. And now it only remains to say that that voice executed those variations, as no known instrument in the best virtuoso's hands *could* execute them; it was the human voice appearing in its simple quality of the instrument of instruments. So clear, so liquid, so distinct, so elegantly turned and graduated as to force, so luxuriously perfect were those melodic passages, that sense and imagination revelled in them, as if it were birds turned artists without ceasing to be birds. Plaything as it was, it delighted us even more than the *Casta Diva*;—and still the beauty, the integrity and soundness of that voice were growing upon us and more and more possessing sense and soul. There was perceptible, sure enough, that "bridge of sighs," as Seudo has it, that little transition region of several dull and less completely luscious middle tones between the chest and the head voice; but it was most delicately and deftly crossed, with an artistic certainty that supplied the solid charm of all the other tones, as it were borrowing from them, and making it all substantially one voice.

Next came the drinking song from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and with it the true power and genius of Alboni. The fine vinous enthusiasm of that song, all its fervor and all its delicate aroma, were perfectly palpable to sense. It was the poetry of sensation, the harmonic expression and vindication of the senses. A Titian-like luxury of coloring, whose beauty proves its divine right to a fair share of man's devotion; for in its perfection sensuous beauty blends into the spiritual. No other singer, whom we have heard, has approached Alboni in the rendering of this *Brindisi*. Here the wonderful contralto tones came out in most delicious contrast with the high ones; they were not forced out, not meretriciously and coarsely used as in the case of Carolina Vietti, but always in luxurious harmony with the brighter tints of the

picture. The spirit of the song was perfectly embodied. That shake, so large and full and true and even, and prolonged till all the audience were breathless, was ended as easily as it begun, and seemed like the passive oozing out of the superabundance of blissful melody from the lips of one entranced and steeped in it. The first time, the suspense of the hearer was a little painful; the second time, relying on her perfect power, the pleasure was without alloy. But imitate it not, ye lesser stars, to whom such ornaments are painful efforts! The *Brindisi* was rapturously encored, as were the "Variations," and in both cases the repetition seemed an improvement on what had seemed already perfect.

Passing the exquisite little duet from *Don Pasquale*, which she sang so delicately and so expressively with Sangiovanni, as if attempting her larger to his sweet and gentle organ, — decidedly a gem of the concert, — we come to her last and greatest effort, the *Ah! non credea*, and *Ah! non giunge* from the "Sonnambula." These surpassed all before in the higher and varied qualities of style and expression, and brought out more completely the resources of her voice. The introductory Andante was delivered with a melting, tremulous, and yet chaste pathos, in which there was no sentimental weakness, but a sustained purity of style, and a complete realization of that tearful quality of natural tone which we have heard ascribed to her. Nothing could be more finely finished or more truly in the spirit of the tender Bellini melody. The chaste embellishments were still original, and every period brought to such shapely and felicitous close, that one almost murmured: "It is just right," — and this indeed occurred all through the evening. But in the rapturous finale we had really a new revelation of vocal wealth and beauty. We have heard it sung equally satisfactorily, but never so sung. It was a creation of her own, of admirable beauty, and yet wholly faithful to the first intention of the music. The manner in which she would catch up, as it were with rapid, delicate, invisible fingers, those luscious, large low tones and interweave them with the brighter high ones, was to us entirely a new melodic experience, and imparted a new richness to the music. It was the wronged maiden's bliss, restored with interest, and waking blissful, sympathetic response in every heart and every object high and low.

Evidently the charm of this singing will grow upon us all. It may not satisfy all that all souls want of Art. We have been more excited, more interiorly reached by other singers; and have carried away from them that that wrought more permanently and deeply in us ever afterwards; precisely as Beethoven or Mozart influence us permanently more than Rossini, in whose music we do find, as we had anticipated, a very perfect correspondence with Alboni's voice. Their geniuses are certainly akin; and that inventive, happy, Anacreontic composer never felt more happy than when he discovered this Alboni voice to sing what he alone could write. Her singing is in harmony with her whole being. It is large, luxurious, easy, quiet, sympathetic, genial; but neither very passionate, nor very intellectual, nor yet surcharged with the heat-lightnings of a humorous brain. Excitement goes not with it. It is the perfect luxury of beautiful, delicious sound, and you are lapped in it and enjoy it,

without wound or denial to any of your deeper sensibilities or aspirations, and at the same time without any main appeal to them. We know a large class of genial natures, in whom we fancy that it must almost exhaust their possibility of enthusiasm; but these must not expect all the demands of human life to lie in just the one sphere which is home and heaven to them, nor deem it "mysticism" or "affectation" if one who can enjoy this richly, should also prize as much or more another order of enjoyment derived from another singer.

We have hardly left a corner for the accessories of the concert. The orchestra numbered some forty picked men from the Musical Fund, with FRIES and STUCK heading the violins; and under Sig. ARDITI's vigorous baton they played the overtures to *La Gazza Ladra* and *Der Freyschütz* with more spirit than delicacy. Indeed the accompaniment sinned often on the side of noisiness. Sig. SANGIOVANNI has a singularly sweet, fresh and delicate tenor voice, which he uses with grace and expression; but it is altogether in the cantabile vein, and has slight power to sing against such an orchestra. His voice is much of Guidi's quality, and he impressed us as a pleasing, graceful artist. Sig. ROVERE is a baritone buffo, of rich voice, and a large and easy comic manner, lacking the fineness of Belletti. In the Baron's dream from *Cenerentola*, and in the duet with Sangiovanni from "the Barber," he excited much mirth, while the delicious Rossini accompaniment played around the voices with as fresh a charm as ever.

SECOND CONCERT.

Thursday Night. — The ink of the above hurried notes was hardly dry, when we were again summoned to a renewal of the impression of the living notes. To-night the programme was Rossini-ian, and we heard this luxury of voice at home in the most luxurious music. First the *Una voce poco fa*, from "The Barber" (which the bills, abominably printed, like those of the first night, set down to Bellini!) Here she opens at once from the deep fountains of her pure contralto; — how unlike the husky, mannish, coarse sounds with which other contraltos have been wont to astonish the groundlings! how rich and round and mellow! what a passionate expression is thrown into them! and what consummate art in phrasing and in distribution of accent and force! With what proud ease and elasticity the voice bounds away again from each well-planted step! We have heard the *Una voce* from all sorts of singers and yet we never fairly heard it till to-night. The fiery Allegro was equally perfect. To Alboni this triumph was the easiest matter in the world, as one would twirl his watch key round his thumb.

We heard, too, what our Parisian critic has pronounced her greatest triumph [that is, two or three years ago], the brilliant finale to "Cinderella": *Non piu mesta*, with the lovely slow introduction, which she sang with warm and delicate expression. The rest was all blaze of diamonds; the first notes of the air stood out like so many separate, central, bright points, and the liquid lustre was exquisitely diffused through the variation, which was given with more rapidity than we should suppose an instrument could play it, yet with faultless precision and symmetry of outline. We began to doubt our first conclusion, and to

suspect that Mme. Alboni is peculiarly herself in this fine vocal jewelry of variation singing. Still more so, when she sang Rhode's "Variations" for the violin, in which Catalani first and lately Sontag have been famous. There the melodic efflorescence was also touched with not a little of sentiment; it was not mere mechanical ingenuity of form; and the marvel was that Alboni's voice somehow reproduced the peculiar violin-ity of the music, giving it that nervous accent and thrilling, searching edge of tone peculiar to the strings.

Not the least pleasant item in the list was the familiar trio from *Belisario*, in which all three parts were finely blended. And the pleasantest part of it was to see how Alboni (as in all concerted pieces) made not her own voice too prominent, but rather studied (though with no conscious effort) to let tenor and bass tell to advantage. The finale to *La Sonnambula* again formed the glorious close, and Bellini's spirit must have heard and owned the pathos of the introduction and the rapture of the Allegro.

Sig. SANGIOVANNI sang a fine aria, with orchestra, by Rossini, new to us. His sweet, flexible tenor, and smooth execution were still agreeable, but the lack of power was more and more apparent. Sig. ROVERE sang the barber's song: *Largo al Factotum*, capitally; and the duet of the two from *Cinderella*: *Zitto, zitto*, was a very pleasant, graceful opening, after the sparkling French overture, save that the voices some of the time were nearly put out by the strong blaze of the orchestra. Sig. Arditi's violin fantasia was eminently ingenious and fantastic.

Saturday night is positively Alboni's last for this time. Are Boston ears half satisfied?

TOPICS THIS WEEK. We present our readers with the first of a series of articles, written for us by a scientific gentleman, upon "Acoustic Architecture." At a time when there is so much inquiry about what constitutes a good hall for music, with such perplexed uncertainty about scientific principles, many will read with interest the suggestions of one who has both thoroughly compared all that has hitherto been contributed towards a possible science of the matter, and whose mind has for years past been attracted *con amore* to the subject.

"C" of the *Atlas* takes us at our word and frankly sends us his rejoinder to the "Diarist." We shall make a pleasant matter of it in the end, if all parties will avail themselves of our catholic propensity to afford them all a hearing.

The papers on the genesis and structure of the "Musical Scale," by our esteemed "E. H.," may perhaps bristle with scientific thorns to some. But the scientific as well as the dilettante reader has claims on a true Journal of Music. Besides, these papers are a clear and concise statement of the grounds on which rest all such efforts as those of Messrs. Alley and Poole, to do away with "Temperament" and establish perfect intonation in the construction of organs and pianos. It is a great question, which cannot be evaded, and we in our journalizing capacity have a duty to the musical world in this matter. Read "E. H." from the beginning, and you will surely find yourself instructed.

OF ALBONI we have written too many words, because we wrote hurriedly and amid interruption. Our argument has labored from our very anxiety to represent our feeling truly. But there

is one comfort: our *unknown* friend "Giustizia," will not again accuse us of utterly neglecting "the greatest artist the world ever saw," and may perhaps forgive our unrepenting allegiance to that other Queen of Song whom he is pleased to set down as a "musical charlatan."

Again our batch of foreign intelligence, reviews of new music, &c., is unavoidably crowded out.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY have out their proposals for a series of six oratorio performances: three of Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*, and three of "Engeddi," the anglicized version of Beethoven's "Mount of Olives." Since we were a boy the latter has reposed upon the Handel and Haydn shelf, and we shall rejoice to hear it revived. The *Judas* is undergoing faithful rehearsal, under the able conductorship of Mr. Webb, with Mr. Mueller at the organ, both greatly to the satisfaction of the singers. Mr. Frost is to be the tenor, and Miss Anna Stone the soprano.

The MUSICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY, with the same conductor and organist, are engaged upon the "Messiah" and "St. Paul." So says a contemporary. Shall we not also have "Elijah?"

The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, assisted by Mlle. LEHMANN, have been doing a brisk business, since that lady's successful debut here, in several of the neighboring towns, lighting up little local fires of true musical enthusiasm.

We trust no lover of the quiet, intimate communion with the great tone-masters, in their choice chamber compositions, will neglect to subscribe early to their approaching series of concerts and afternoon rehearsals in this city. Boston has no sense or soul of good music, if it fails to cherish this select little club of excellent interpreters of some of the best, the most eternal thoughts ever written down in music.

The GERMANIA SERENADE BAND, we regret to say, give us their last orchestral concert next Wednesday afternoon. The little orchestra which has gathered about them, under the efficient lead of Mr. Suck, has endeared itself to the best musical appreciation of the city; and though a summer plant, we trust its roots live deep and warm within the ground, and will shoot forth greener and fairer signs of life another summer. As we have before said, all the orchestra playing in Boston has taken a new impulse from this happy little model of right organization.

The Concert of last week was postponed to gain time to make this last one richer. That two-part song of Mendelssohn, which gave such pleasure at Mlle. Lehmann's concert, has been expressly arranged for orchestra, by Mr. Suck, for this occasion.

MADAME SONTAG (we are requested to say), has finally determined to postpone her visit to Boston until after the opening of the Music Hall.

New York.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. We have read with interest the Tenth Annual Report of this noble association, the finest body of classical musicians in this country. No society has done so much to raise the standard of orchestral performances, both as to matter and to manner, in America. It comprises the cream of the instrumental artists, who reside in New York; and to its existence is owing in a great measure the possibility of rallying at short notice such orchestras as have accompanied Lind and Sontag, whenever a Benedict or an Eckert appear to lead them. The tone of this fraternity—(we may so call it since it embodies, like the Philharmonic Societies of the old world and like the Musical Fund Societies of Philadelphia and Boston, the element of mutual benefit—) has been always high; nor could it well be otherwise in a society where men like U. C. Hill and Timm and Scharfenberg have been leading spirits.

The Report opens with a brief history of the Society. Originally, ten years ago, it numbered thirty-seven members, of whom sixteen still continue. The first concert was given Dec. 7th, 1842, when were performed

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, conducted by Mr. Hill; Weber's overture to *Oberon*, conducted by D. G. Etienne; and Kalliwoda's overture in D, conducted by Mr. Timm. This alternation of several conductors was for some years a feature. The orchestra the past season numbered sixty-six instruments, with Mr. Eisfeld as conductor, and the removal from the cramped limits of "the Apollo" to Niblo's spacious Concert Room, has given a new impulse to the Society. Four public concerts are given each winter, besides rehearsals once in two weeks open to subscribers. The present condition is highly promising, and the next concert season (for which subscription lists are open) bids fair to surpass those that have already made the name of "Philharmonic" honored. The "Actual Performing Members" comprise 27 violins, 9 violas, 5 violoncellos, 8 double basses, 2 flutes, 3 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 bassoons, 2 trumpets, 4 horns, 3 trombones, drums, &c. Besides these there is a list of sixteen non-performing members, many of whom however do perform, as occasion calls, in the way of artistic solos, or with cheerful merging of the individual in the general good, volunteering (as several of the best artists have done) at the humblest posts of drum and cymbals. In the roll of Honorary Members we find the names of Viennetemps, Ole Bull, Leopold De Meyer, Burke, Dr. Spohr, Dr. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, Herz, Sivori, Bottesini, Mme. Goldschmidt and Benedict.

The government for the eleventh season is composed of H. C. Timm, President; U. C. Hill, Vice President; J. L. Ensign, Secretary; W. Scharfenberg, Treasurer; T. Goodwin, Librarian; T. Eisfeld and G. F. Hansen, Assistants.

Long life to the New York "Philharmonics!" together with more frequent and more crowded concerts!

EISFELD'S CLASSICAL QUARTET SOIREE.—These, says the *Home Journal*, will be as usual, six in number, and the first will take place on the thirtieth of this month, at Niblo's upper saloon. We recommend all the true lovers of music, all who can discern, or wish to learn how to discern the difference between excellence and clap-trap, all who like to enjoy music in a quiet, drawing-room manner—to become subscribers.

MRS. BOSTWICK.—The next treat in store for us is the entertainment to which some eight hundred and twenty-five of our fellow citizens invite us, for the evening of the 26th instant, at Metropolitan Hall, with our some years' favorite, Mrs. Emma Gillingham Bostwick, as *prima donna* of the occasion. She is about making a distant professional tour, and it was a worthy thought.

MADRIGAL PRACTICE.—Messrs. Nash and Curtis have commenced a class for the practice of this fine old music. Handel's "Acis and Galatea" also will be studied. This is a department of music too good to be neglected, and which needs some such special provision to keep the musical community alive to its charm.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP'S NEW ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE.—Madame Bishop, the *Directrice*, and Bochsa, with music, copyists, &c., left on Tuesday for New York, where rehearsals of the opening opera, "Martha," will commence immediately. The Madame has taken almost all the spacious Battery Hotel, near Castle Garden, for the concentration of her large forces, for the purposes of rehearsal, and there will be fine musical doings there. Besides the excellent principal artists, whose names we have given, a numerous chorus and select orchestra have been organized to travel with the company, which will secure in every city where the troupe appears, a full and perfect performance. To the rich repertoire Bochsa has selected, will be added, we hear, the master opera of the celebrated BUNN, the Napoleon of English managers. The name of the opera (the music of which is Balfe's best) is "The Devil's In It." The troupe begins at Niblo's, New York, on the 1st of November, and will be here at the Walnut in December, *en route*, for Baltimore, Washington, Richmond and Charleston. The first six months of the company are already taken up by engagements.—*Fitzgerald's City Item*.

NEW ORLEANS. CONCERT OF CLASSICAL MUSIC. The lovers of the music of Hummel, Mendelssohn and Beethoven will be glad to learn that Messrs. Paulsackel and Wohlten, of this city, propose giving, in the latter part of this month, a concert comprising concerted pieces for two or more performers from the works of those celebrated composers, such as the *Quartetto* in C minor by Beethoven, the *Otello* by Mendelssohn for eight instruments. Little is known in New Orleans by other than the German population of the rich stores of harmony and melody contained in the works of the above composers, and it is with infinite pleasure that we see an effort made to render them familiar to us. Mr. Paulsackel we know to be a pianist of genuine talent.—*Picayune*.

MILWAUKEE. From a Report made at the annual meeting of the "Milwaukee Musical Society," we glean the following facts, which show that Music is laying the foundations of a new empire in the West.

"The Society completed the second year of its existence on the third of May last. During this short period it had overcome all the difficulties that usually attend the infancy of such associations; had given to its members more than twenty superior concerts; had accumulated in furniture, music, and musical instruments, property of the value of at least twelve hundred dollars; had matured and repeatedly, and in the most successful manner, performed two complete Oratorios—"the Creation" and "the Seasons" by Haydn, and had won and established for our fair young city the enviable fame of the third city in the Union in the scale of Musical talent, refinement and taste. Besides this it had become so popular with its members and friends that the loss of nearly half its property by a most disastrous fire was not permitted to interrupt its activity for a single day."

That is right; form societies for the study of the great works, with the best means you can command. The Opera, and the great singers and violinists and orchestras from Europe, are things to thank God for; but nothing so helps to make a people musical, as to become familiar in any way—perhaps the best of all ways is their own way—with really good music by great masters. We congratulate the "third musical city in the Union" (!) at this rate it will soon outstrip us all.

California.

SIGNORA BISCACCANTI. An exchange paper gives the following:

"We learn by a private letter received in this city from our talented townsman, Signora Eliza Biscaccanti, that her success in California has been unparalleled. Her concerts given for charitable purposes have amounted \$8,000.00; the last one of which, for the Washington Monument Association, cleared the handsome sum of \$550.00; which being the largest private donation, entitles her to have her name engraved on one of the blocks. These numerous charities have endeared her to the people, and they lately tendered her a complimentary benefit which netted \$2500.00. Signor B. has arrived by the Ohio, for the purpose of making arrangements for the establishment of a Piano-forte agency in San Francisco—one being much needed there."

Advertisements.

MELODEON.

MADAME MARIETTA ALBONI

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LAST CONCERT

On SATURDAY EVENING, Oct. 23d, 1852,

ASSISTED BY

Signor Rovere,

Signor Sangiovanni,

Signor Arditi,

AND A

GRAND ORCHESTRA.

MUSICAL DIRECTOR, SIGNOR ARDITI

PROGRAMME.

Part First.

1. Overture. Full Orchestra.
2. Duetto—Spanish—"I Mulattieri"—sung by Signor SANGIOVANNI and Signor ROVERE. Masson.
3. Cavatina—from *La Gazza Ladra*—"Una Voce Poco Fa"—sung by Mme. ALBONI. Rossini.
4. Aria—"Madamina"—sung by Signor ROVERE. Donizetti.
5. Cansone—"L'Orfanello"—sung by Sig. SANGIOVANNI, ARDITI.
6. Grand Variations—composed expressly for Mme. Alboni by Sig. Arditi, called "Musical Difficulties Solved"—sung by Mme. ALBONI.

Part Second.

7. Overture. Full Orchestra.
8. Cavatina—from *Norma*—[by particular desire] "Casta Diva"—sung by Mme. ALBONI. Bellini.
9. Terzettino—from the Barber—"Ah! Quel Colpa!" sung by Mme. ALBONI, Sigs. SANGIOVANNI and ROVERE. Rossini.
10. Romanza—"In Terra di Biscevero" sung by Sig. SANGIOVANNI. Mercadante.
11. Grand Rondo—"Cenerentola"—"Non Più Mesta"—sung by Mme. ALBONI. Rossini.

Tickets, ONE DOLLAR each. Reserved Seats, TWO DOLLARS. Tickets to be had and seats secured at Col. Thompson's Office, Old State House, and the principal Hotels, where diagrams of the Hall can be seen. Ushers will be in attendance to conduct parties to their seats. Concert to commence at 8 o'clock.

L. H. SOUTHARD,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,
265 Washington Street, Boston.

Oct. 16.

3m

English Cathedral Music.

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Boston Musical Fund Society.

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Packages of Rehearsal Tickets of four each, at 50 cents per package, and Single Tickets at 25 cents each, may be obtained at the principal Music Stores and Hotels, and at the door on the afternoon of performance; also Subscription Tickets, at \$2 per package of six each for the Concerts, which will commence at the New Music Hall as soon as completed.

Associate Members are respectfully notified that their Tickets are ready for delivery at No. 4 Amory Hall, as also all the Tickets above named. Per order, JOS. N. PIERCE, Sec'y. 24tf

The Germania Musical Society

RESPECTFULLY announce to their numerous friends, and the public in general, that it is their intention to remain the coming winter in the city of Boston for the purpose of giving, during this period, a series of TEN CONCERTS, (one Concert every two weeks,) like those given by them during the last winter, in this city, at which they will produce the masterworks of BEETHOVEN, MOZART, HAYDN, MENDELSSOHN, SPHON, MEYERBEER, ROSSINI, &c., such as Symphonies, Overtures, Quartets, Quintets, and selections from the Italian and German Operas, Solos on almost every instrument used in their Orchestra, and a judicious portion of lighter music.

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